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livery.

The following beautiful gem was handed us by
a friend with a request for its republication.

COME HOME.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.
Come home!—
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep;
Would I could wing it, like a bird, to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearied words of melody.

Brother, come home!
Come home!—
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;
Come, where fond thoughts, like holiest incense,
Rise,
Where cherished memory rears her altar
To shrine.

Brother, come home!
Come home!—
Come to the heart-stone of thy earliest days,
Come to the ark, like the o'er-wearied dove,
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the circle of thy love.

[Brother, come home!]
Come home!—
It is not home without thee—the lone seat
Is still unoccupied, where thou wert wont
To be;
In every echo of returning feet,
In vain we list for what should herald thee.

Brother, come home!
Come home!—
We're nursed for thee, the sunny bays of Spring,
Watched every gem a full-blown flower rear;
Saw their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here.

Brother, come home!
Come home!—
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it, like a bird, to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearied words of melody.

Brother, come home!
THIRILLING SKETCH.
"A portal of the arena opened, and the
combatant, with a mantle thrown over his
face and figure, was led in, surrounded by
the soldiery. The lion roared and ramped
against the bars of his den at the sight. The
guard put a sword and buckler into the
hands of the christian, and he was left al-
one. He drew the mantle from his face,
and firmly looked around the amphitheatre.
His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised
a universal cry of admiration. He might
have stood for an Apollo encountering the
Python. His eye at last raised to mine.
Could I believe my senses? Constantius
was before me?"

"All my rancor vanished. An hour past
I could have struck my betrayer to the heart;
I could have called on the severest ven-
geance of man and heaven to smite the de-
stroyer of my child. But, to see him hope-
lessly doomed; the man whom I had hon-
ored for his noble qualities, whom I had ever
loved, whose crime was at the worst, but
the crime of giving way to the strongest
temptation that can bewilder the heart of
man—to see this noble creature flung to the
savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piece-
meal before my eyes, and his misery wrought
by me. I would have entreated heaven and
earth to save him. But my tongue cleaved
to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused
to stir. I would have thrown myself at the
feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone—
pale, paralyzed—the beating of my pulses
stopt.

"The gate of the den was thrown back,
and the lion rushed in with a roar, and a
bound that bore him half across the arena.
I saw the sword glitter in the air; when it
sawed again, it was covered with blood. A
saw told that the blow had been driven
home. The lion, one of the largest from
Numidia, and made furious by thirst and
anger, an animal of prodigious power,
reached as if to make sure of his prey,
except a few paces onward, and spring at
the victim's throat. He was met by a se-
cond wound, but his impulse was irresistible,
and Constantius was flung upon the ground.
A cry of natural horror rang around the
amphitheatre. The struggle was now for
life or death. They rolled over each
other—the lion reared upon his hind feet,
with gnashing teeth and distended talons,
plunged on the man—again they rose
together. Anxiety was now at its wildest
height. The sword swung round the cham-
pion's head in bloody circles. They fell a-
gain, covered with blood and dust. The
head of Constantius had grasped the lion's
mane, and the furious bounds of the monster
could not loose the hold, but his strength was
exhausted giving way—he still struck terri-
bly, but each blow was weaker than the
one before—till, collecting his whole
force, he darted one mighty

savage yell, and spouted out blood, fled
howling round the arena. But the hand
still grasped the mane and there his con-
queror was dragged whirling through the dust
at his heels. A universal outcry now arose
to save him if he were not already dead.
But the lion, though bleeding at every vein,
was still too terrible, and all shrank from the
hazard. At last the grasp gave way, and
the body lay motionless upon the ground.

"What happened for some moments after
I know not. There was a struggle at the
portal; a female forced her way through the
guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself
upon the victim. The sight of a new prey
roused the lion; he tore the ground with his
talons—he lashed his streaming sides with
his tail; he lifted up his mane, and bared his
fangs. But his approach was no longer with
a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came
snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing
round the body in circuits still diminishing.

"The confusion in the vast assemblage
was now extreme. Voices innumerable
called for aid. Women screamed and faint-
ed; men burst into indignant clamors at
this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard
hearts of the populace, accustomed as they
were to the sacrifice of life, were aroused to
honest curses. Their guards grasped their
arms, and waited for a sign from the Em-
peror. But Nero gave no sign.

"I looked upon the woman's face. It was
Salome! I sprang upon my feet; I called
her by every feeling of nature to fly from
that place of death, to come to my arms,
to think of the agonies of all that love her.

"She had raised the head of Constantius
on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage
with her hair. At the sound of my voice
she looked up, and calmly casting back the
locks from her forehead, fixed her eyes upon
me. She still knelt; one hand supported the
head, with the other she pointed to it, as
her only answer. I again adjured her.—
There was the silence of death among the
thousands around me. A fire flashed in her
eyes—her cheek burned. She waived her
hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"I am come to die," she uttered in a low
tone. "This bleeding body was my hus-
band's. I have no father. The world con-
tains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet,"
and she kissed the ash lips before her—
"Yet, my Constantius, it was to save that
father that your generous heart defied the
peril of this hour. It was to redeem him
from the hand of evil, that you abandoned
your quiet home!—yes, cruel father, here
lies the noble being that threw open your
dungeon, that led you safe through the con-
flagration, that to the last moment of his lib-
erty only thought how he might preserve and
protect you." Tears at length fell in floods
from her eyes. "But," said she in a tone
of wild power, "he was betrayed, and may
the powers whose thunders avenge the cause
of his people, pour down just retribution up-
on the head that dared—!"

"I heard my own condemnation about to
be pronounced by the lips of my child.—
Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I
tore my hair, leaped upon the bars before
me, and plunged into the arena by her side.
The height stunned me; I tottered a few pa-
ces and fell. The lion gave a roar and
sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him.
I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lucid eye
glaring; I heard the gnashing of his white
fangs about me.

"An exulting shout arose. I saw him reel
as if struck; gore filled his jaws. Another
mighty blow was driven to his heart. He
sprang high in the air with a howl. He
dropped—he was dead. The amphitheatre
thundered with acclamations.

"While Salome was clinging to my bos-
om, Constantius raised me from the ground.
The roar of the lion had roused him from
his swoon, and two blows saved me. The
falcon was broke in the heart of the mon-
ster. The whole multitude stood up, sym-
plauding for our lives in the name of filial
piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was,
dared not resist the strength of the popular
feeling. He waived a signal to the guards;
the portal was opened; and my children,
sustaining my feeble steps and showered
with garlands and ornaments from innumera-
ble hands, slowly led me from the arena.

Salathiel.

GENIUS.

The favorite idea of a genius among us,
is of one who studies, nobody can tell
when—at midnight or at odd times or inter-
vals—and now and then strikes out at a
heat, as the phrase is, some wonderful pro-
duction. This is a character that has fig-
ured largely in the history of our literature,
in the person of our Findings, our Savages,
and our Steeles—"loose fellows about town,"
or loungers in the country, who slept in ale-
houses and wrote in bar-rooms, who took up
the pen as a magician's wand to supply
their wants, and when the pressure of ne-
cessity was relieved, resorted again to their
carousals. Your real genius is an idle, ir-
regular, vagabond sort of personage, who
muses in the fields, or dreams by the fire-
side; whose strong impulses—that is the
cant of it—must needs hurry him into wild
irregularities or foolish eccentricities; who
abhors order, and can bear no restraint, and
eschews all labor; such an one, for instance,
as Newton, or Milton! What! they must
have been irregular, else they are no ge-
nuses.

"The young man," it is often said, "has
genius enough, if he would only study." Now
the truth is, as we shall take the liberty
to state it, that genius will study; it is
that in the mind which does study; that is
the very nature of it. I care not to say
that it will always use books. All study is
not reading, say more than all reading is
study. By study I mean—but let one of
the noblest geniuses and hardest students in
the world define it for me: "Studium," says
Cicero, "est animi assidua et vehemens ad

aliquam rem applicata magna cum voluptate
occupatio, ut philosophia, poetica, geomet-
ria, literaturum." Such study, such intense
mental action, and nothing else, is genius.
And so far as there is any native predispo-
sition about this enviable character of mind,
it is a predisposition to that action. That is
the only test of the original bias; and he
who does not come to that point, though he
may have shrewdness, and readiness, and
parts, never had genius. No need to waste
regrets upon him, as without that he never
could be induced to give his attention or study
to anything; he never had that which he
is supposed to have lost. For attention it
is, though other qualities belong to this tran-
scendent power—attention it is, that is the
very soul of genius; not the fixed eye, not
the pouring over a book, but the fixed
thought. It is, in fact, an action of the
mind which is steadily concentrated upon
one idea, or one series of ideas, which col-
lects in one point the rays of the soul, till
they search, penetrate, and fire the whole
train of its thoughts. And while the fire
burns within, the outward man may indeed
be cold, indifferent, negligent—absent in
appearance; he may be an idler, a wander-
er, apparently without aim or intent; but
still the fire burns within. And what though
it "bursts forth" at length, as has been said,
"like volcanic fire, with spontaneous, origi-
nal, native force?" It only shows the in-
tense action of the elements beneath. What
though it breaks like lightning from a cloud?
The electric fire had been collecting in the
firmament through many a silent calm, and
clear day. What though the night of ge-
nius appears in one no decisive blow, struck
in some moment of high debate, or at the
crisis of a nation's peril? That mighty en-
ergy, though it might have heaved in the
breast of a Demosthenes, was once a feeble
infant's thought. A mother's eye watched
over its dawning. A father's care guarded
its early growth. It soon trod with youthful
step the halls of learning, and found fathers
to watch and wake for it, even as it finds
them here. It went on; but silence was up-
on its path, and the deep struggling of the
inward soul marked its progress, and the
cherishing powers of nature kindly minis-
tered to it. The elements around breathed
upon it, and "touched it in finer issues." The
golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and
ripened its expanding faculties. The slow
revolutions of years slowly added to its col-
lected treasures and energies; till in its hour
of glory it stood forth embodied in the form
of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence.
The world wonders at the manifestation, and
says: "Strange, strange that it should come
thus unsought, unprepared!" But the
truth is, there is no more miracle in it, than
there is in the lowering pre-eminence forest
tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and
irresistible river, or in the wealth and the wa-
ving of the boundless harvest.

Fathers and guardians of our youthful
learning! behold it here—the gem of all that
glorious power, in the strong and generous
and manly spirits of the rising youth around
you; and say if you would relinquish an of-
fice, so honored, and so to be rewarded, for
the sceptre of any other dominion. Youthful
aspirants after intellectual eminence! forget
forget, I entreat you; banish, banish for-
ever the weak and senseless idea, that any
thing will serve your purpose but study—
intense, unwearied, absorbing study—"ani-
mi assidua et vehemens occupatio."

Our Yankee traveller, who saw the live
flower, has again written to his mother.
"Western people go their death on eti-
quette. You can't tell a man here that he
lies, as you can down east, without fighting.
A few days ago, a man was telling two of
his neighbors in my hearing a pretty large
story. Says 'Stranger, that's a whopper!' Says he, 'Lay there, stranger!' And in a
twinkling of an eye, I found myself in the
ditch, a perfect quadruped, the worse for
wear and tear. Upon another occasion, says
I to a man I never saw before, as a woman
passed him, 'That isn't a specimen of your
western women, is it?' Says he, 'You are
afraid of the fever and ague, stranger, ain't
you?' 'Very much,' says I. 'Well,' re-
plied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you
don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor
of a gentleman, I swear that these two pis-
tols,' which he held cocked in his hands,
'shall cure you of that disorder entirely—so
don't fear, stranger!' So I knelt down and
apologized. I admire this western country
much; but curse me if I can stand so much
etiquette; it always takes me so unawares."

Chicago Democrat.

Scientific Description of the Mosquito.

We copy the following questions and an-
swers in ornithology, from the Cincinnati
Gazette. The answers are as learned and
luminous as the questions are searching and
profound:

Teacher—John, can you tell me what class
and order of the insect tribe the Mosquito be-
longs to?

Boy—Don't know sir.

Teacher—Jacob, can you tell?

Boy—Yes, sir, he ain't an insect, he be-
longs to the bird tribe, and is a species of
owl, and sings louder in proportion to his
bulk, and like the owl, commits his depreda-
tions in the night. Father said that "other
night he should think that about forty roost-
ed on his nose, and others were scattered on
his cheeks and eye-brows. The mosquito is
not like the owl, omnivorous, but is man-
nivorous, like the bee-bug, and like the hum-
ming bird, it sucks not honey from the flow-
ers, but—

Teacher—That will do, go above him.—
The boys may go out.

VERMONT.—After fifty unsuccessful bal-
lotings, the legislature of Vermont, succeed-
ed in electing Hon. Saml. S. Phelps, (a
sterling whig) to the Senate of the U. States.

ASTONISHING FACTS RELATIVE TO
A FORMER ORGANIC WORLD.

Dr. Buckland now proceeds to the most
important and popular branch of his subject;
to give a description of the most interesting
fossil organic remains, and to show that the
extinct species of plants and animals which
occupied our planet display, even in their
fragments and relics, the same marks of
wisdom and design which have been univer-
sally recognised in the existing species of
organized beings.

After giving some account of the suppo-
sed cases of fossil human bone; and estab-
lishing the remarkable fact of the "total ab-
sence of any vestiges of the human species
throughout the entire series of geological
formations," our author passes to general
history of fossil organic remains—

"It is marvellous that mankind should have
gone on for so many centuries in ignorance
of the fact, which is now so fully demon-
strated, that no small part of the present sur-
face of the earth is derived from the remains
of animals that constituted the population of
ancient seas. Many extensive plains and
massive mountains form, as it were, the
great charnel houses of preceding genera-
tions, in which the petrified exuviae of ex-
tinct races of animals and vegetables are
piled into stupendous monuments of the op-
erations of life and death, during almost in-
measurable periods of past time. 'At the
sight of a spectacle,' says Cuvier, 'so im-
posing, so terrible, as that of the wreck of an-
imal life, forming almost the entire soil on
which we tread, it is difficult to restrain the
imagination from hazarding some conjec-
tures as to the cause by which such great
effects have been produced.' The deeper we
descend into the strata of the earth, the
higher we ascend into the archaeological his-
tory of the past ages of creation. We find
successive stages marked by varying forms
of animal and vegetable life, and these gen-
erally differ more widely from existing spe-
cies as we go further downwards into the
receptacles of the wreck of more ancient
creations."

Besides the more obvious remains of tes-
taces and of larger animals, minute exami-
nation discloses, occasionally, prodigious
accumulations of microscopic shells that
surprise us no less by their abundance than
their extreme minuteness; the mode in
which they are sometimes crowded to-
gether, may be estimated from the fact that Sol-
dani collected from less than an ounce and
a half of stone, found in the hills of Cascia-
na, in Tuscany, 10,454 microscopic cham-
bered shells.

Of several species of these shells, four or five
hundred weigh but a single grain, of one spe-
cies he calculates that a thousand individu-
als would scarcely weigh one grain." Ex-
traordinary as these phenomena must
appear, the recent discoveries of Ehrenberg,
made since the publication of Dr. Buck-
land's work, are still more marvellous and
instructive. This eminent naturalist, whose
discoveries respecting the existing infusori-
al animals we have already noticed, has dis-
covered fossil animalcules, or infusorial or-
ganic remains; and not only has he dis-
covered their existence by the microscope, but
he has found that they form extensive strata
of tripoli, or poleschiefer, (polishing slate),
at Franzenbad, in Bohemia—a substance
supposed to have been formed from sedi-
ments of fine volcanic ashes in quiet waters.
These animals belong to the genus Bacillaria,
and inhabit siliceous shells, the accumu-
lation of which form the strata of polishing
slate. The size a single individual of
these animals is about 1,258th of a line, the
3400th part of an inch. In the polishing
slate from Bilin, in which there seems no
extraneous matter, and no vocuities, a cubic
line contains, in round numbers, 23,000,000
of these animals, and a cubic inch, 41,000,
000 of them. The weight of the cubic inch
of the tripoli which contains them is 270
grains. Hence there are 187,000 of these
animalcules in a single grain, or the siliceous
coat of one of these animals is the 18-
000,000 part of a grain.

Since this strange discovery was made,
Mr. Ehrenberg has detected the same fossil
animals in the semipal, which is found al-
ong with the polishing slate in the tertiary
strata of Bilin, in the chalk flints, and even
in the semipal or noble opal of the porphy-
ritic rocks. What a singular application
does this fact exhibit of the remains of the
ancient world! While our habitations are
sometimes built of the solid aggregate of
millions of microscopic shells; while, as we
have seen, our apartments are heated and
lighted with the wreck of mighty forests that
covered the primeval valleys, the chapel of
beauty shines with the very sepulchres in
which millions of animals are entombed!—
Thus has death become the handmaid and
the ornament of life. Would that it were
also its instructor and guide.

"Stand and deliver," were the words ad-
dressed to a tailor travelling on foot, by a
highwayman, whose brace of pistols looked
rather dangerous than otherwise.

"I'll do that with pleasure," was the re-
ply, at the same time handing over to the
outstretched hands of the robber, a purse,
apparently pretty well stocked, "but," con-
tinued he, "suppose you do me a favor in re-
turn. My friends would laugh at me were
I to go home and tell them I was robbed with
as much patience as a lamb; 'a'pose you fire
your two bull-dogs right through the crown
of my hat; it will look something like a show
of resistance."

His request was acceded to, but hardly
had the smoke from the discharge of the
weapons passed away, when the tailor pulled
out a rusty old horse pistol, and in his turn
politely requested the thunderstruck high-
wayman to shell out every thing of value,
his pistols not emitted, about him.

From the European Correspondent of the
New York Express.

PARIS, Sept. 18, 1838.

We have neither peace nor war in Eu-
rope, and yet we appear to have both. Look
at Russia! she is gaining the upper hand in
Turkey in Europe. She is preparing for new
conquests in Circassia. She keeps the
Black Sea in a sort of subjection to herself.
She holds secret conferences with the North-
ern Powers, sometimes at Berlin, now at
Vienna, and then at Toplitz. She encour-
ages Don Miguel in his hope to regain the
Throne of Portugal. She backs Don Carlos
in his war in the north of Spain. She urges
the King of Holland not to accept the twenty-
four articles, unless Belgium shall pay her
down, in cash, the pretended arrears of in-
terest of her portion of the joint debt of the
Pays Bas. She excites the King of Han-
over to refuse liberty to his subjects—and
promises protection to the Elector of Hesse
Cassel if he will not yield to the States. She
exercises a most powerful influence over the
Germanic Confederation, and keeps it in
obeyance to her policy. She holds Eng-
land at arm's length, France in contempt or
hate, the Queen of Spain in abhorrence, and
the King of the Belgians in execration. She
conspires against the young Queen of Portu-
gal—and she has for a long while succeeded
in preventing a good understanding between
the French and the Neapolitan Governments.
She counsels the Sultan Mahmud to make
war on the Viceroy of Egypt for the tribute
money; and on Syria for its revolt—and has
just offered 500,000 men to the Ottoman
Porte towards re-commencing the Asiatic
warfare. Is this peace? No. Is this war?
Not precisely so—though very, very near it,
and his therefore as far as Russia is con-
cerned, we may say, with truth, "We have
neither peace nor war."

LOOK AT FRANCE! What a standing ar-
my! Three hundred thousand men for what
is called "a peace establishment," besides
500,000 National Guards under arms; yes
constantly under arms. And what a Navy!
constantly increasing—greater this month
than it was last, and daily becoming more
formidable. France has but one real ally
in Europe; and that ally is ENGLAND. Rus-
sia is no ally of France, nor are Prussia,
Austria, Holland, the German Confeder-
ation, Switzerland, the German Kings, the
Italian Princes, Turkey, Don Carlos, Swe-
den, Norway, Denmark or the Hanse Towns.
A portion of Spain is allied to France—and
not a very large portion however—for the
Carlists and Republicans are equally averse
to the French Government. France has no
footing in Portugal. England is once more
mistress there. There is Belgium indeed
through which Northern armies would gal-
lop without asking from the Rhine to Va-
leenciennes. France has no real ally in
Europe but England, and England would not
fire a gun in her defence. England is allied
to France now, because that alliance is
indispensable to preserve peace—and the
British merchants and manufacturers will
not hear of the word WAR. But is this
peace? Is France admitted to the Con-
ferences of the Northern Kings? No. Is she
admitted by the Southern Princes? No.
Do not the Kings of the North and the South
meet together, make treaties, arrangements,
and come to decisions without even paying
the formal compliment to France to ask her
representatives to be present? Most assur-
edly they do. Do not the Kings of Bava-
ria, Holland, and even Wurtemberg, encour-
age the enemies of the Revolution of 1830,
and of the present French dynasty to inhab-
it their dominions and get up petty conspir-
acies against the new order of things estab-
lished in France? The answer to all this
must be in the affirmative. And is this peace?
Or is this war? Why, it is neither—and
therefore it is I say, "We have neither peace
nor war." In the Old World indeed, as well
as in the New, France appears not very far
from a war of some magnitude, for she threat-
ens SWITZERLAND most blusteringly, and
she has already on her hands wars with
Mexico and BUENOS AYRES. Besides these
conflicts actually existing, or close at hand,
she is in the midst of hostilities in Africa.—
No sooner does one enemy melt away, than
another one appears—and even those on
whom she relied as pacified allies, are mak-
ing secret contracts with manufacturers of
fire arms in Europe, in order to supply their
borders with the means of attacking French
troops and French settlers. All this is very
far indeed from the halcyon days which
Louis-Philippe promised us, when all men were
to live and love as brethren.

LOOK AT ENGLAND.—Has she peace, or
has she war? She is protesting just now
with France against her conduct in Switzer-
land; as well as angry with her for having
made war with Don Carlos. She is quar-
relling with Russia; downright quarrelling,
for her conduct as to Persia, Turkey, the
Black Sea, Circassia, Poland, and the state
of doubt and anxiety into which England has
been thrown respecting her East India pos-
sessions. Then she is protesting against the
Viceroy of Egypt for not having paid the
tribute money to the Porte—making an indi-
rect and stupid war with Don Carlos in
Spain—negotiating dead against Russia at
Teheran and Constantinople,—and making
something like hostile demonstrations in the
East against the Persian King and the King
of Lahore. She has ordered new troops to
Canada at the request of Lord Durham, "to
put down the Canadians." She has put more
vessels on the stocks at Portsmouth and
Chatham—and is most vigorous in her shouts
of "Britannia must continue to rule the
waves." Now surely all this, when coupled
with orders sent to British officials on leave
of absence, to join their regiments without
delay, cannot any how be called "peace?"
and yet on the other hand it cannot be re-
garded as war. It is therefore that I say,
"We have neither war nor peace,"—and as
far as England is concerned, a war with

Russia is imminent.

LOOK AT PRUSSIA.—What is her condi-
tion? She has her revolts in Posen and Gal-
icia. She has rank enemies at Cracow.
She is on the worst possible terms with the
Pope and the King of Bavaria as to the arch-
bishop of Cologne. She is so cordially hat-
ed by the Rheinish Provinces, and by the
Romish clergy there, that they are in a state
of permanent hostility to her, and they are
encouraged by the Pope to arm against her.
The affair of the archbishop of Cologne has
caused, together with the question of mixed
marriages, such a division in the population
of Prussia, that the King is only half upon
his Throne—and Austria is jealous of the
Protestant efforts of Prussia in Piedmont,
Naples, and Sicily. The Court of Berlin is on
very indifferent terms with that of Vienna;
almost in a state of open rupture with that
of Brussels, and is beneath the weight of
Papal anathemas and almost excommunica-
tion. This may not be war—but it is very
far indeed from peace at any rate;—and
therefore it is once more that I say, "We have
neither war nor peace."

LOOK AT PORTUGAL.—Sardinia, Naples,
the Pope, the Austrian Princes, are perpet-
ually conspiring against Donna Maria.
Though a recent attempt to counter-revolu-
tionize Portugal has failed, yet another may
be more successful. The Queen is not sure
of a single regiment, nor of one ally, except
Great Britain. The Miguelists have more
hope than ever. Even the supporters of the
Queen are not quiet for a week together. It
is indeed a terrible thing to quit the path of
rectitude and honor. If the young Queen
had remained faithful to the oath she took to
the DEMOCRATIC Constitution of Portugal, she
might have smiled at national foes, and have
relied on her subjects for her best allies;—
but she can do so no longer;—and attempt
after attempt is made to dethrone her, or de-
stroy the new fangled Constitution. This is
not peace—nor is it war.

LOOK AT SWITZERLAND. Never at peace
for an hour. Divided within, by the aris-
tocracy of Berne, encouraged as they are by
Austria, Russia and Prussia—and by the
radicals of Vaudo and Geneva. But just
now there is more than all this—for Switzer-
land is preparing to vindicate her own in-
dependence and neutrality, should France
dare to attack her.

LOOK AT BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.—
Armed to their heads—though not fighting.
Preparing in Luxemburg and in Limburg
for a fierce conflict. There is not war, 'tis
true, but there is no sign of peace.

This is the state of Europe on the 18th of
Sept. 1838. War is possible every hour.
Even the Journal des Debats admits it. It
is therefore literally true when I say "We
have neither peace nor war."

Yours obdly. O. P. Q.

VERIFICATION OF AN ANCIENT
PROVERB.

The following prophecy is said to have
been delivered by a British bard, in the time
of William the Norman, and preserved by
some of the monkish annalists, viz:—"That
no more than three monarchs, in direct suc-
cession, should ever again reign over these
kingdoms without some violent interruption."

1 William the Norman,
2 William Rufus,
3 Henry the First.

Interrupted by the usurpation of Stephen.

1 Henry the Second,
2 Edward the First,
3 Edward the Second.

Interrupted by the abdication and murder
of Edward the Second.

1 Edward the Third,
2 Richard the Second,
Interrupted by the deposition of that mon-
arch.

1 Henry the Fourth,
2 Henry the Fifth,
3 Henry the Sixth.

Interrupted by the restoration of the house
of York.

1 Edward the Fourth,
2 Edward the Fifth,
3 Richard the Third.

Interrupted by the usurpation of Henry
Richmond.

1 Henry the Seventh,
2 Henry the Eighth,
3 Edward the Sixth.

Interrupted by the election of Lady Jane
Grey.

1 Mary,
2 Elizabeth.

A foreign king—namely, Philip of Spain—
called in to assume the crown.

1 James the First,
2 Charles the First.

Interrupted by the deposition of that mon-
arch, and the establishment of another form
of government in the person of Oliver Crom-
well.

1 Charles the Second,
2 James the Second.

Interrupted by the abdication of that king
and the election of a foreigner.

1 William the Third,
2 Anne.

Interrupted by the parliamentary appoint-
ment of a foreigner.